



B-BOY SLASH
NOVELS

TAMAMI
原作
/ Spray

原作
Spray

Illustrated by
みささぎ楓李

B-BOY SLASH NOVELS

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Illustration ■ みささぎ楓李

Story

「これをつけた瞬間から、あなたの人生は大きくかわります」
その不思議な男から受け取った眼鏡は、冴えないサラリーマン・佐伯克哉の人生を、確かに、変えたのだ。——取引先のエリート部長・御堂孝典に虜られ、陵辱され、辱められ……犯される人生に。一方的に克哉を蹂躪する御堂だが、彼の真意は果たして…?!

BLゲーム界を席巻したあの話題作「鬼畜眼鏡」御堂×克哉編を初ノベライズ！ 新規追加エピソードあり。



B-BOY SLASH NOVELS

ビーボーインペルズ

■リブレのSpray関連本

学園ヘヴン
七条編

遠藤編

市村奈央
原作
Spray



CUT/冰栗 優

大好評発売中!!

ビーボーイコミックス

学園ヘヴン 丹羽編

学園ヘヴン 中嶋編

学園ヘヴン 遠藤編

冰栗 優 原作/Spray

FRIDAY

ビーボーイプラスデラックス

学園ヘヴン公式キャラブック最強!

Profile

TAMAMI

■たまみ

2月14日生まれ。水瓶座のA型。
エッチゲームのシナリオ屋。あと、小説とかドラマCDのシナリオも、たまに書かせてもらつてます。今までシナリオを書かせて頂いたBLゲームは「最強彼氏。」「学園ヘヴン」と、今作「鬼畜眼鏡」。

HP:<http://www.age.ne.jp/x/tamami/>
(2008年2月現在)



"H--Hot. Hooooot!"
Suddenly the hot
mass was pushed
in. Unexpectedly,
there was shock
and a burning fever.
"W-What?"
The things inside
himself seperate,
Katsuya's
frightened eyes
open. There is
an alter there,
an alter inside.

 **T**his is the start of a dark night.

During the daytime, this place is a vacant garden used for entertainment purposes. Now, it is still as air. At this garden where the wind blew occasionally and the tree branches gossiped, Saeki Katsuya sat on a bench, sighing.

After countless amounts of sighing, he gently shook the beer can in his hand. He hadn't drunk much, so the heaviness was still there. After letting out another sigh, Katsuya took a sip.

His expression was solemn. His eyes lacked spirit and his lips were timid. There was nothing particularly special about his face. It was just another common face among young men that could be found anywhere. Everyone including the people at his work (a commercial company) would agree that Saeki Katsuya was just another common face. No one was interested in him, which was why there were no rumors about this person named Saeki Katsuya.

If one were to take a closer look, one will find that his delicate thin face was fine and outlined. One will also find that if he stood up and straightened out his chest, his long slender legs brought out his tall figure.

Saeki Katsuya's perspective towards everything was always cautious. This explains why he was known to be the "good-man" in the company he worked for. After three years of working for the company, he started to wonder if he was suited for this kind of work. Take for example: Today at the pharmacy shop he was scolded not only by the manager but also by the manager's wife. He had intended to ask for the shop to increase their amount of goodies displayed, when he saw a boy who happened to be playing at the parking lot run himself into rolls of toilet paper stacked up high like a mountain. The worried mother of the boy ran to her crying son:

"You should always watch out for your kid if he's playing outside."

When the fashionable lady said that to the manager, Katsuya couldn't help but protest:

"But it's dangerous to let a kid play in this narrow parking area..."

It was only when the manager informed him sheepishly that Katsuya realized the lady is his wife. But by then, the wife had stormed off the place along with the crying boy. At that time, Katsuya was still able to smile with the manager to make up for his mistake. He unintentionally said:

"I'm sorry about that. But those stacks of toilet papers are too high. It's also dangerous."

What Katsuya didn't know was that the purpose of the rolls being stacked was so the special promotion price could be more visible. Moreover, it was the manager himself who stacked them up. Hearing those words, the manager became angry, which resulted in Katsuya being chased out of the shop. When Katsuya returned to the office, he found out that the pharmacy shop had called the company he worked at, asking for a decrease amount of goodies from them.

"It's hard not to be sad over it..."

It's always like this. Although he was being cautious and meant no harm, he had a habit of cutting into conversations without realization or he would swallow back his words, resulting in misunderstandings. It was an endless cycle.

"You have it in you. You can do it." Honda Kenji, his colleague, would always say that to comfort him. He constantly encouraged him to have confidence, even when they went to the pub for some drinks. But Katsuya knew himself better than anyone else. He was nothing but a failure.

Sighing, Katsuya shook his beer can. Department 8's sales that they handled had a bad reputation. Their sale results were bad and their team always called and burdened the company with their mistakes.

He said he wanted to increase the turnover. It was reckless knowing he's useless. He couldn't calm himself even after drinking all day at the pub, which was the reason he was sitting here at the park, drinking a beer can bought from the vending machines.

 **H**e was wearing a high-quality suit and his hair was neatly styled. His impression was different than that of everyone else. His body was slender like a model. His eyes were sharp, imposing gazes toward the visitors. His gazes were strong and almost magnetic. Katsuya was unable to shift his gaze away. He oozed of confidence, as if nothing could out-beat his strong will. His face was boring, but beautiful. That was his charm.

Katsuya stood there in silence, unable to gather up words until Honda gave him a slight nudge. Only then did he snap back to reality and nervously said:

"Hello, I am Saeki Katsuya from Department 8 Sales. I am from the Kikuchi Marketing and Promoting Company."

He was worried that he might have left a bad impression from zoning out a few moments ago. However, Mido did not even raise an eyebrow. His calm face showed no emotion. He was merely observing the visitors who decided to pay an unexpected visit.

"What's the matter?"

His voice was straight and cold. Anyone who heard it would have understood and realized he did not like sudden visits. How should they gather his interest? Without even coming up with an idea, Honda who was beside him stepped forward:

"Yes, we're here regarding the product that was released by your company today. I hoped that you'd hand the marketing of Protofiber project to us."

Honda voiced this and Mido narrowed his eyes at him. I hoped everything went well—Katsuya prayed with all his might, awaiting a reaction.

"Ooh.."

But, Mido didn't give much of a response. Even so, Honda did not give up and continued to promote:

"We have handled a few of your company's products in the past. We have connections with shops and retailers and we'll use this to our advantage. We'll let you see the result for this new product."

"Result... you said?"

"Yes! The relationship that is built up little by little, firm trust will come along. That's the source of increasing the fruits. Please give us a chance to prove it to you!"

Mido listened to the energetic talk in silence.

Even through the smooth and persuasive talk, Katsuya could not wade off the uneasiness that was building up inside. Mid's clean, neat fingers were tapping lightly against his arms that were crossed in front of his chest. The smile that he occasionally showed was disdained. Was it because he's weak?

"Oh, I want to ask you."

"Yes, please?"

Honda's talk ended awhile ago, but Mido hands and arms were still in the same position, the only change that he did was tilting his head:

"Where did you get the news about this new product? Information regarding Protofiber was closed to the public. Please do tell me about how the news got out so we can take some precautions."

Quite contrary to the smile on his face, his questioning voice, was cold as ice.

He did not want to bring these conjuring feelings back to his lonely apartment. He wanted to at least wait until the feelings were gone. Then, he might be able to face tomorrow's work. These dark feelings, however, they never disappeared.

"I don't want to bring any trouble..."

Just as he was about to sigh again, he heard a voice come from above:

"The beer doesn't taste good?"

Katsuya jumped and looked up to find a strange man standing by his side. Although it was nighttime, he was wearing sunglasses. He had a black cap on that sunk down in the center and also had on a matching black coat. His golden hair was braided nicely. His hair was long, it might have been about knee-length if let down loose.

"Um... You..."

Katsuya was stunned and couldn't talk smoothly. The man smiled back. A perfect smile with no warmth attached. It was a fake smile. The man sat down beside him and started talking with Katsuya:

"What happened? Why would a handsome man like you have on such a depressed face?"

"... it's happened countless times."

Unlike usual, Katsuya found himself speaking out all his thoughts with this strange man. Maybe he was drunk, maybe it was because he won't be meeting guy again and it didn't hurt him that he knew the truth. It was unusual of him. Katsuya's head was still bowed in a bit of shame and embarrassment as he spoke out his feelings. The mysterious man kept his smile on as he listened to Katsuya's words quietly. And then...

Honda had accidentally picked up the flyer at Kikuchi's company. That flyer should have been returned to the original source. If possible, they did not want to mention about getting the info through such an unfair technique.

"I'm sorry, that is a secret."

"That won't do. This plan, even in this company itself, is progressing at an incredible speed that none of the other plans have managed before. There shouldn't have been a chance for the outsiders to find out. However, the news still managed to reach you guys. Why? Do entertain me."

Facing Honda, Mido persistently asked as Honda tried to change the subject. Wanting to help out his colleague, Katsuya stepped into the conversation tentatively:

"Th—that's because a member from your company came to ours to do an explanation?"

"Correct, but this time he should still be in Kikuchi's Management & Planning group doing the explanation. That shouldn't be the reason of how the news got to you."

Katsuya's defense was seen right through by Mido. Katsuya stood there, helpless and unable to move, while Honda sighed:

"Okay, we give up."

Honda gave an honestly, but bitter smile and shrugged his shoulder:

"We found out about the new product in the company today under unexpected circumstances. After reading the data, we hoped to be able to handle and promote this product—which is why we're paying our visit here."

"You want to be ahead of others?"

"We just hoped to be able to directly tell you, how enthusiastic Department 8 Sales are about this product."

Honda's words were boastful and did not show any tinge of pulling back. Anyone who was listening would have been quite surprised.

"So, how about it? You can't buy this kind of enthusiasm with money. Please give us a chance to promo Protofiber, the new product."

Honda's voice was filled with energy and his smile was bright, so bright that one would have unknowingly nodded a 'yes' to him. But Mido did not answer. He slowly turned to look at both of them and said:

"I refuse."

His final words were cold and heartless.

"What.. Please don't say that! We will let you see the result.."

"For sure?"

The corners of Mido's lips raised slightly, showing his disdained smile once again. He then threw them an obvious and humiliating look:

"I have info regarding Kikuchi's company. That is why I know what you, Department 8 Sales, are referred to in the company."

Honda who intended to voice out for defense swallowed his words back at this point. Seeing this, Mido continued:

"The Kikuchi company that's currently down-sizing its size, Department 8 Sales is stop on the lay-off list. The product you guys are managing right now is the one which had the lowest sale rate, correct?"

"No! That product was originally handled by Department 1, when we took over, the sale rate is was already at its worst!"

"But you can't revive it."

"That's because..."

NO! Was what Katsuya wanted to say, but Mido's gaze was so strong that he didn't dare to speak up. About that product, even though it's just a little bit, they did manage to make the sale rate increase. But he couldn't voice out this opinion. Mido was obviously looking down at him and his personality.

"This concludes the level you guys are capable of—go back now."

After listening to Mido's words, Honda suddenly knelt down on the floor and stared at Mido.

"What's this? I said you should go back."

"I'm not going back! If our marketing for Protofiber causes problems for you, we promise we'll take responsibility for it. Please! Please allow us to handle this product!"

After coming this far, Honda didn't want to give up. Even kneeling on the ground and putting his pride down, he still had the spirit and determination to get the job. After seeing his colleague's action, Katsuya was on his way to kneeling down also. But at that moment, he noticed Mido's eyes. His gaze toward Honda was cold and heartless. His disturbing attitude made him understand that enthusiasm will not move him. What else could they do if this didn't work out? Was there nothing that could change his mind at all? What should he do to make him agree? Theories? Mathematics? It was true that there was nothing persuasive about Department 8 but give up? No way! Mido shifted his gaze towards Katsuya who have been merely standing alongside.

"You're called Saeki."

"Y-Yes!"

"Take this man away. You guys are from Department 8 Sales, right?"

"Yes, but ..."

"What?"

The expression on Mido's face was different from what he had shown Honda. How did he view him to give him such a disdaining and humiliating gaze? Katsuya felt it even if he didn't want to. It was inevitable. Since they arrived he had done basically nothing. Katsuya felt like crying over his embarrassment and hatred for such helplessness. He could not bring himself to speak up something at this important moment. Even so, he didn't want to avert the gaze and silently encouraged himself. Even if such an arrogant man was watching him from his high and mighty throne, he still had to say something to make him agree. If he is unable to, there would have been no point of coming all the way here. However, he couldn't think of anything to break the barrier.

Mido knew Katsuya was trying his best under the pressure and he saw that he wouldn't be able to find something to say, thus started criticizing:

"You came all the way here, so what's with that attitude? As expected, it's no surprise that Department 8 Sales are called rubbish."

"....!"

Katsuya couldn't help but hold his breath which only added disdain on Mido's side. His eyes, it's as if he could see the frightening gaze of cruelty which disappeared in a slight second then back again. Katsuya felt suffocated. He hated the feeling of not being able to do anything. Even a person who he had met for the first time looked down on him. If only he had the ability, if only he had the skills to communicate and be courageous, if only there was a way to make him see...

Katsuya subconsciously tightened his tie which he held in his hand as if he were praying and something squeezed out from inside his front pocket. Holding onto that something, Katsuya heard a sweet voice in his ears:

"Come, take this. The moment you put on these glasses, your life will change. If you use it, you'll..."

That was what the black-coated man had said. That something he had given him last night was inside the pocket.

He could feel the strong pumping of his heart and warmth heating up. His feelings were concentrated solely on his thumb that was touching the metallic frame of the glasses. He thought to himself that this might be a joke and that he'll be laughed at, but in this situation he didn't care anymore. Mido didn't budge. His cold eyes fell on Katsuya who neither shifted his gaze nor spoke out a word. His expression turned to curiosity and doubt, but Katsuya did not care. He took out the specs from inside his chest pocket. In his hand, the pair of specs looked nothing out of the ordinary. He wanted to change, no matter what it took, as long as it enabled him to change...

I want to change, I want to change, I want to change...

With feelings of hope, Katsuya put on the specs.

For a moment, he felt dizzy, Katsuya closed his eyes lightly.

The feeling faded. When he opened his eyes, he saw Mido watching him and Honda's silhouette. Nothing had changed but seeing the situation through the glasses, something was different. He felt no fear. His self that reflected in the window glass seemed to naturally smile, as if it were satisfied. In that brief second, he had everything under calculations. His face turned solemn, his gaze fell onto Honda's:

"Stand up, Honda. Where are your manners?"

Listening to this firm voice, Honda forced himself to get up. Upon seeing this, Mido's face revealed a smile that was akin to humiliation.

"You gave up finally."

Katsuya laughed on the inside at Mido's attitude. He felt like he had finally grasped Mido's way of thinking. This guy had an absolute confidence towards his own logical thinking, which is why no matter how enthusiastic Honda appeared, it wouldn't work. If that's the case, it'll be easy to bring him down.

"You're wrong, Mido Fuchou. Regarding Protofiber's promoting issue, I beg of you once again to give Department 8 Sales the right to promote."

"What did you say?"

One can see Mido was irritated. Even though he was staring directly at Katsuya, Katsuya did not feel a bit oppressive, quite the contrary, he laughed at himself for ever having such feelings. As his mood swung to the upmost level, Katsuya knew what steps he had to take and put it all into his conversation.

"Your department produced this new product suddenly because the products we're dealing with are deteriorating in sale rates. At this point, we have no choice but to make a difference with the result, isn't it?"

"...how did you know..."

"Didn't you say before? Protofiber's production rate is the fastest in history. There must be a reason to why there is a rush. Furthermore, the preparation period from the time of when the product is finished to the sale time is too short."

Yes, since the beginning he felt there was something fishy about this. He was merely observing these uncoordinated reasons and didn't speak out about it. When Mido's expression gradually changed, it confirmed his observations.

"Because of this I ask of you to let Department 8 Sales handle promoting this product. If you handed it over to our company's Management Department, it'll eventually end up with Department 1 or 2 Sales to handle. And in the end, they who never admit their failures in promoting will eventually push it over to us and those who took over this project will say that the product couldn't sell from the beginning. Rather than that, it is better to let the ones who once revived the product's sale rates from the lower end to handle it. Don't you agree?"

"His words flowed like spring water. What he said did not even appear to be a lie and Mido seemed to notice it, too. Even though the sales reply was low, the numbers that knocked themselves into his mind did not lie. Also, this man who was looked down upon just a moment ago was fighting back unexpectedly. Mido couldn't find the exact words to defend himself."

"I don't think handing this over to you will bring success. If you let me see your past works, then I will decide whether you can be trusted or not."

"That's a lot of consideration, Mido Fuchou. Ah, come to think of it, you don't even have a back-up plan anymore. If this product does not bring in profit, stock prices will be affected as well. Up until now you were able to push those boring products that couldn't sell to the business marketing companies. But the situation is different than before now. Our job, however, is to make the product sell no matter what it takes."

The sharp explanation caught Mido off guard, but it brought satisfaction to Katsuya! Once he thought about how the situation was reversed and now Mido was feeling humiliated, a dark, sweet happiness filled Katsuya's chest.

"You sure have great confidence. It sounds to me as though no matter what, you believe that you'll make the product sell well."

"That is not a belief, I'm just telling the truth."

He flashed him a slight smile as the opponent stared back in irritation. Katsuya bowed a little purposely:

"I sincerely beg of you, Mido Fuchou"

Silence fell between the two men. Mido's words broke the silence:

"...alright. Since you dare talk big to me, let me see the end results."

It was as though he couldn't feel anything around him, the frame of his specs shined a silvery ray. That evening, Honda and Katsuya were greeted with a surprise when they returned to the company.

"I heard that they have decided to give us the rights to handle the new product!"

"Yes, please take a look. We have brought back the details for the product."

It seemed as thought Mido had contacted the Kikuchi Company. Honda handed over the bag with the data (which was given to them by Mido Fuchou himself before they had gotten back) to the surprised section chief, Katagiri.

"When the Management Department contacted me I was so surprised! Is this reality? Isn't everything going a bit too fast? As expected from Honda, you have worked hard!"

"The one who worked hard was Katsuya. You should have seen the way he persuaded Mido. It was if he were a completely different person. He convinced that man without any difficulty."

Honda smiled back brightly at Katsuya who happened to be walking behind them. Everyone's gazes were focused on him, their eyes wide with surprise. He swore he could hear them saying, is this person really Saeki Katsuya? No one of Department 8 Sales has seen Katsuya in specs. The specs gave Katsuya a complete change in appearance. It was quite different from his usual image. His now straight daring eyes were full of confidence and his smile weak smile was nowhere to be found, now, his smile gave people impermeable feelings. Katsuya walked towards Katagiri gracefully and took the data from his hand arrogantly. There was no trace of the old Katsuya seen in him. That wasn't the only thing. Katsuya who was now giving everyone a look didn't even have a slight care about their gazes. He was, though, interested in the surprise they were showing.

"It's too early to rejoice. There's a condition Mido set when he agreed with us."

"Condition?"

Katsuya smiled back at Katagiri's question:

"The deadline is three months. If after this period, the sale rate do not reach the target that he desires, Department 8 sales will bear with the consequences."

"By consequences... you mean..."

"Who knows? Mido fuchou didn't state it clearly, but from his tone he might be laying off everyone in Department 8."

Right when the word 'layoff' escaped his mouth, the atmosphere seemed to freeze around him. Katsuya didn't pay any attention and proceeded to take out the files from inside the data pack. Upon seeing the target number on the title, Katagiri let out a weak, surprised cry:

"Th-that's too high!"

Katsuya snorted at his remark:

"This is MGN's new product, it's no surprise that the number is this high."

Even so, the number is way too high. In order to save MGN, the new product was released this year to save the low sales rate, which is why they have to set the target sales for Protocerberus to this high. And in order to achieve this number in just three months, it is almost an impossible mission. But...

Katsuya scanned through the Department 8 members and shifted the position of his specs to a higher place on his ridge. For the Katsuya right now, this will be a piece of cake. After, Honda and Katagiri held a small celebration party. After the party, Katsuya walked down the road home and was holding a completely different feeling compared to the night before. Everyone in Department 8 Sales accepted the new him quickly. Everyone probably thought that the reason Katsuya felt different was because he was wearing specs and they were not yet used to them and the reason why his attitude and tone were different was because he was putting all his might into an important situation.

Only Katsuya himself knew the truth. It was the specs that had released him.

"Good evening, I see that the specs gave you a some help."

Katsuya turned around to look for the voice that was heard from behind. But even without looking, he knew who the voice belonged to. It was the man from last night.

"Are you here to see me?"

"Yes, there's something important that I happened to leave out last night."

The man closed in silently, his actions were like peeking at the bespectacled Katsuya. His eyes shined with happiness, his thin lips curled into a smile:

"It suits you perfectly! And you discovered the ability behind the specs in a short time, and used it to its advantage. You are indeed a rare genius."

"Cut the pleasing acts, what's the important thing that you wanted to say?"

The new Katsuya did not pay attention to what the man said. He did not feel like playing along with the man. The man smiled with satisfaction and urged him:

"I did not gift the specs to you. I have not seen enough to decide if you have what it takes to own them."

"Hmph! You praise me and now you say this?"

Katsuya was not angry, just a bit suspicious of the man. Even though he did not understand what kind of power he had used, he knew that the specs had changed him.

"That's right. Just like how a human chooses its product, the product chooses the human. If you are able to use it properly, I will gift it to you."

"Then who will be deciding the standard?"

"It's easy. Just live with the specs and leave everything else to me."

He didn't want to explain further and there really was no need for him to pay any more attention to the matter. All he needed was for the guy to acknowledge his ability. The situation sounded interesting.

"The deadline is three months, but if throughout the period you feel that you have no need for the specs, you can return them to me earlier."

Three months... his lips recited the words and suddenly Mido came to his mind. The deadline for the Protofiber sale period was also three months. Seems like he had fate with three months today. At that moment, Katsuya's attention was averted. It was as though the man was waiting for that moment of distraction, he closed in to Katsuya. "Now then..." as he was saying those, his long delicate fingers took off the specs on his face.

"Hmmm...?"

Suddenly having his specs taken off, his sight reversed. It was as though he was awakened from a hangover, the amazing feeling surrounding him puffed off suddenly. In order to dump off those dizzy feelings, Katsuya shook his head gently, looking at the man in front of him:

"You're..."

"What happened today, do you still remember?"

As he was questioned, Katsuya suddenly recalled. The man in front of him was the man who gave him the specs last night. This morning, he went to MGN with Honda, and succeeded in getting the right to market the new product. After that, they had a celebration party with Katagiri and Honda and then here he was. Strangely, the memories seemed far and distant. Even if it had just happened, it felt like a dream. However, Katsuya did not forget anything. He shook his head uncertainly, the man smiled:

"Really worthy and expected of you."

And then, he once again gave the specs to Katsuya.

"But please be careful. Do not be dominated by the specs."

"Ah, yes..."

Katsuya took the specs. The coldness of the frame along with the words wandered throughout his body. What did he mean by do not be dominated...?

"An effective drug will sometimes become poison. No matter how strong you are, there's always a possibility. I hope you'll act efficiently and make the right decisions. If you do, you'll be able to deceive even the demons themselves."

The man's sweet words rang in his ears—such wonderful rhythm that were like lines from an opera. But a slow feeling of insecurity crept inside him. As if noticing this, the man gave a relaxing smile and gracefully backed off:

"I shall be leaving now. I will be waiting for you. Three months later, I shall see what has become of you."

He turned his back to leave.

"Wait! Who are you?"

The silhouette that was about to melt into the darkness, turned around with a smile and answered:

"Are you interested in me? I'm happy to hear that. Then, please call me Mr. R."

And then, he left. There were tons more Katsuya wanted to ask, but he couldn't stop him. Katsuya stared at the specs in his hands. The sense of feeling undefeatable were now gone and all that was left was a suffocating pain of insecurity. These specs...what were they about? Last night when he received them in the garden, what did the man say?

"The specs will be like a lucky charm. Once you wear them, your life will change for good. The feeling of reincarnation and your dreams will start anew for you. In order to release the real you in a world that you live for..."

It was like words from a religious society or lines promoting a product. After listening to the ridiculous acts of Katsuya, Mr. R had said those words and handed him the specs. He thought that it was only a joke, but after today it was enough evidence to prove that this was no joke. He wanted to change. That was what he wanted deep down and his wish was granted. Facing Mido and persuading him to let him in on this important job. Those memories were blurred, it felt as if they were not real. With a clouded head, Katsuya put the specs back into his chest pocket and proceeded to head home. His steps were heavy but he couldn't place a finger on why exactly he felt that way.

Ever since then, life has been hectic for Katsuya due to his work. Three months have passed since Department 8 sales received the rights to promote Protofiber. Everything has been smooth until now. Even though they are scared off by the target initially, Department 8 sales can only work hard, united and fixated on each of their works. Katsuya started wearing specs to work, even though his attitude is arrogant, that kind of fearlessness brought impressive results. In the end, their sales has brought a new record to the company's inside so well that those other departments who initially complained about how Department 8 got the job unfairly had shut up. But the disturbing thoughts didn't disappear. Rather, it's the start of brand new problems which leaves a deep dark shadow within Katsuya's heart. First are the specs. After that, he never met Mr. R, so there's no chance of him asking what the meaning was behind those complicated and cursed words. What exactly are these specs? It's true that once he wears them, it'll increase his abilities, but isn't that a case of split-personalities? He has never heard of it before; that there's such a case of how specs can control split-personalities. No matter how strong his insecurity is, he has to wear the specs. If he doesn't, the sales rate is at risk. If they don't achieve the target, how would Mido punish them...? Yes, that's another dark shadow; Mido. Katsuya was on his way to MGN, sighing again.

"What's wrong? You look so down this early in the morning."

Honda forcefully hit Katsuya's back; Katsuya, who nearly tripped over, steadied himself. Even if he wanted to smile back, his face was numbed.

Today is Monday. Every week on this early morning, Katsuya, Honda, and Katagiri who manages Department 8 sales will go to a meeting in Mido's office.

Handing the new product to Department 8 is not something that Mido would be willing to do. And this feeling continued even after they started working together. Since they started working hard as part of the project, the eyes that were thrown at Department 8 were still hard and cold. Especially when they came to Katsuya, the feeling was even more obvious. Being treated in this obvious cold manner, being scrutinized and criticized, are something commonly seen. It might be true that at their first meeting, this manner towards him was not appraisable, but he can't help but feel dejected being treated like that.

Katsuya has lost the courage to meet Mido with specs on. He can't imagine what the consequences will be if he did anything that rude again. He was back to being his timid self despite knowing that Mido would be irritated with him; he has his reasons.

In order to get a result out, they have to work together. Deep within his heart, he prayed that Mido would be nice towards them, but reality is always cruel. He was sure there would be a lot of reproach in the meeting later. Even if he had done his preparation fully, Katsuya was still nervous. Getting his spirits up, he walked into the building with his colleagues. They really did it. Mido closed his mouth after mumbling a few words. His eyes were not on Katsuya and others, but were focused on the report that they submitted. They waited nervously for a reply; the sales should have exceeded the expected target. And Mido finally raised his head:

"You did great. To be frank, even I could not imagine that you guys are able to come up with such results."

When Mido said that, he revealed a satisfied smile that Katsuya and others had never seen before. Looking over Katagiri's shoulder, who was standing up front, Honda who was by his side let out a long relieving sigh.

"Thank you very much. It's really a relief to hear Mido fuchō say these."

"No, it's truly great. That would mean it's fine to hand you the case."

Mido used the gentle tone and turned around to face Katagiri, reaching out to place the documents on the table.

"And then, regarding the matter after this..."

Mido turned back, eyes on Katsuya, without any way to differentiate the coolness and calmness in those eyes. Katsuya was invaded with sense of insecurity, and he closed his mouth unconsciously. Mido spoke with a calm voice:

"I decided to increase the sales target for Protofiber."

The calm and happy atmosphere instantly froze.

"Did you just say 'increase'?"

"Yes. The original number that I requested from you, were the lowest limit, it's far lower than our original expectations. That is why I decided to resume to the number that we decided from the start."

This is the new target sales, Mido finished the words and handed over the document. After seeing the document, Katagiri took in a sharp breath, making Katsuya and others peek over to look at the file. Upon seeing the number written on it, both of them couldn't believe it. Even for the sports drink sales market in the country, there were no such products that have reached that kind of number.

Mido smiled.

"Wait! Is this really the original number? Stop kidding us!"

Honda fought back, but it did not succeed to destroy Mido's smile.

"You had reached the original expectations that I gave you. With your abilities, and Protofiber's productivity, it's all proven. Why then, is it not logical for me to increase the target sale? Or is it that you guys are satisfied with the current situation, and there are no heart to improve more?"

"But, this is too..."

"Ah, yes. Just for safety reasons, I have to tell you something. A promise is a promise. Even though the target has been raised, the punishment will not change. The expiration date is around two more months. If you can't accomplish the target in the time set, you'll receive the equal punishment."

This sharp compliment struck Katagiri, Katsuya and even Honda who was previously fighting back to their feet. Mido casted his gaze at them one by one, finally stopping at Katsuya, as if staring right through him.

"That is all. Please work hard."

After Mido left the meeting room, no one spoke. Katsuya was stunned to his spot, his mind filled with Mido's hateful gaze that was directed at him. This kind of demand is ridiculous and unbelievable, one can only think that he thought this up to defeat the eighth class. *'Is it my fault? Because I offended that person...'*

Katsuya remembered that day, when he succeeded in getting the marketing rights of Protofiber, his actions and manners, had humiliated Mido. Maybe for a person who has high self-esteem like Mido, this loss to the company below him, and even more by the person he despises, is something unbearable.

Nevertheless, is it necessary to go that far to achieve this point?

But thinking about it, raising the target value will do no harm to Mido. As the Protofiber manager, he would certainly hope that the higher the target, the better the sales. If the contractors are unsatisfied with the current number, it is not something to be commended. If the eighth department raises the white flag, it will only result in Mido replacing them and will be in charge of marketing courses. If the eighth lesson is replaced at this point, it'll cause a big problem within the Kikuchi company. Of course, if the eighth department succeeds to reach the target set, it would be okay. Using the customer's standing and making this annoying decision, although childish, is effective.

Having said that, the figure was still irrational. The only way to make him take the goal back is to risk the bet. By explaining to him that this is unrealistic, Mido would probably listen. However, if they don't hurry, the eighth department will have to accept that number.

"That, I will go over to Mr. Mido's place to talk him out of it." Katsuya suddenly blurted, Katagiri and the others turned to him.

"I think it's pretty much impossible to reach this figure in two months, and Mr. Mido should also know that, so..."

"That's right Katsuya!"

Honda who was still angry grabbed Katsuya's shoulder, seizing his body and started shaking. The glasses that was placed on his chest pocket almost fell out.

"I'll go with you! I will not give up until I have a good talk with him!"

"That's... ...not possible."

Katsuya hesitated to reject Honda's views. Although it's true that if Honda went with him, he would be able to give him more courage, but Mido's hostility is towards Katsuya. And according to Honda who was behaving this way, it would only add fuel to the fire. They looked at the interaction, Katagiri who has restored his calm chipped in:

"True, I think it would be better to leave it to Saeki. Did you not say that it was Saeki-kun who got this job? And I think Mido-fuchou and Saeki are more compatible"

Katagiri's words made Katsuya and Honda speechless. How could this misunderstanding go that deep? Katagiri seems to think that sincerely. He didn't even know what to say to object it; Katsuya and Honda, dumbfounded, looked at each other.

"Then, it's all up to you."

Heaving a sigh upon finishing the sentence, Honda relaxed his arms. But not before giving Katsuya a gentle pat on the shoulder two or three times as an incentive.

After watching the two men leave, Katsuya left the room. There was no one left in the corridor and his chest began to throb, Katsuya used his fingers locating that itchy yet wonderful place. Inside the chest pocket of his suit, there was nothing but the specs. Would it be better if he wore glasses? Katsuya hesitated slightly. May be after wearing glasses he can convince Mido better. That sense of endless self-confidence, as if as long as he has this pair of glasses he will not lose to anyone. It would be easy to defeat Mido too.

"... ..."

In the end, he put the glasses that he had taken out back into the pocket.

It's better not to wear them now. The reason why Mido was upset before is because of his attitude after wearing this pair of glasses, looking down at him and the way he gave a sympathetic and arrogant attitude after getting the job. Although he has convinced him then, if this goes on, the same thing is bound to happen again.

First, he needs to apologize. If Mido is able to cool down, it wouldn't be impossible for him to re-consider.

Katsuya embraced a glimmer of hope, walking along the long corridor.

"Please! Please take back the request on the new sales target. "

Katsuya bowed deeply to Mido, who was the only one in office. Mido did not respond, but Katsuya does not intend to rise, blindly waiting for his answer. He waited, to the extent that his breathing started to hurt. As the silence continues, his temple began to sweat with reluctance.

"You're not invited; I wondered what it was that you have to say."

Mido said with a sarcastic tone. Katsuya clenched lips enduring the words:

"I apologize for boasting previously in your face that I can do it, and that to make such a request now is irresponsible. But to reach that sum within two months, to tell the truth, it is just not possible so..."

"I cannot imagine that these words are coming out of 'your' mouth when you boasted so much about it after you received this agreement."

"I'm very sorry if I have offended you before, please reconsider!"

At the very least he has to express his sincerity to Mido, Katsuya swore that he had never bowed that low to someone in his life. However, no matter how hard Katsuya apologized, Mido's attitude did not change.

"Go back. At the moment, doing this is meaningless; you are merely wasting precious time you can use to reach the goals given to you"

"But..."

"If you cannot do it, then there is no other way. I will have to change the department head that will be in charge... and you will be dismissed."

Katsuya's head suddenly lifted in a bounce:

"How can you do that?!... ...then, what do you want us to do ..."

"What to do? Before you ask this question, why don't you spend at least a little effort and give it a go? Who knows, it might progress to a point that even I would not expect, at least you have reached the initial goal I wanted from you."

"Even though! That figure is still ridiculous! Anyone who has common sense will know that this number is simply too... you should know about that too, Mr. Mido, don't you?!"

Katsuya was getting more and more desperate; Mido's expression has also changed to frustration. His stern eyes were staring at him, and the atmosphere had gotten so bad that he seems to want Katsuya out of the room.

Even so, Katsuya can only rely on him, he bowed again:

"I beg you, please reconsider. If there's anything that I can do, I'm willing to do anything!! So..."

"You say... you're willing to do anything?"

"Yes!"

As if exploring the true meaning of that word, Mido observed Katsuya closely. After scanning through the face that held only sincerity and perseverance, Mido cruelly smiled with lips skewed:

"Entertain and serve me."

"Service, is it?"

Katsuya was very surprised to hear his request. He, who takes the public into consideration with moral and efficiency, has never been asked to serve someone. However, if this reception is able to change these messy figures, Katsuya, whose mind has been set, leaned forward. But Mido prevented him from speaking and continued:

"Oh yes, I'll be saying this beforehand, I'm not interested in your feast."

"So, what is it that you want..."

"Well... first things first, warm my bed for me."

"Ah..?"

For a second, Katsuya did not understand what he was talking about. First it's about serving, and now, warming his bed? These are the words that he never imagined that would come out of this man's mouth, and what's more, to hear this in the middle of the day in the office? This huge difference in this manner made Katsuya dizzy:

"Eh... that means..."

Katsuya didn't think Mido would joke about this. But his request was far off from normality, Katsuya felt like he was placed in a dream that was lowly filthy. Too hard to believe, Katsuya's eyes drift and started panicking. Mido saw these within his eyes and exposed a contemptuous smile:

"Because you said you are willing to do anything, and so I proposed. If you cannot, then you should not have stated it in the first place."

"In that case, uh..."

Is he testing him? To make him see his own mistake? Katsuya does not know how to answer.

"How is it? The decision is for you to make, I do not want to force you. "

Like a cat playing with a mouse, Mido's evil smile was urging Katsuya to made a decision as soon as possible.

"I... ...I, uhI... ..."

Target sale or bed partner. Words that cannot even be put on the same sentence, they spun in his head. Which side in comparison is the more absurd request? And which side - is something that's within his limit?

Katsuya's sweating wet hands clenched. He closed his eyes, brains thinking of what to say:

"... ...I know. I'll do as you say, let me... entertain you... "

Katsuya would rather hear Mido laugh at him, saying he was only joking. But Mido did not comply to his expected response, and after a moment of silence, a low voice asked:

"- really?"

"Yes... "

Mido turned around and started writing something on his desk. Then afterwards, he threw a piece of paper at Katsuya's feet:

"Pick it up."

Katsuya slowly bent his knees, picking it up from the floor. On top of the writing is the name of a restaurant that Katsuya has never heard of nor went to before.

"Tonight, I will book a room under your name."

Nervously swallowing a mouthful of saliva, Katsuya nodded weakly.

In the darkness of the night, standing tall in front of the towering buildings, Katsuya fearfully cringed. Within another five minutes, it will be Mido's appointed time, and if he doesn't hurry now, he will be late. This alone is enough to anger Mido.

Katsuya only rolled his eyes, looking around. Mido doesn't seem to be hiding in this neighborhood. He thought that Mido would be hiding somewhere, laughing at him for actually coming to the hotel. Even if that's mockery, it's far better than the things he mentioned during the day.

As he walked into the hotel lobby, Katsuya is still holding onto the slight hope that Mido might not book, it might be that he wasted his visit this time, Mido just had to vent out this anger. If that's so, then it's still better. But after telling his name to the counter, the attendant told him the room number like it's a natural thing to do.

"Your companion is already in the room."

Due to this sentence, Katsuya's heart almost stopped. The guy at the counter should have noticed it. Because he was in too much tension, his body was shaking violently. When he reached the designated floor by the elevator, standing in front of the room, he was determined to press the doorbell, but the door opened quietly, just a crack, peering out of it was Mido, extremely contempt, he exhaled through his nose:

"You really came."

He walked into the room, the door closing behind him, Mido has returned to the desk. He seems to have been working, on the table there were a good few documents.

"Because, we made an appointment..."

Shortness of breath, he has to find the strength to face Mido. But if he does not step hard on the floor, his legs would have move without his consciousness, and the next moment he might be fleeing out of this room. Be patient! No matter what he says, no matter what kind of service he is about to impose, he must be subjective to Mido.

Coming back from MGN back to eighth department today, everyone rushed to him without patience. They seem to have heard from Katagiri who went back first, now, everyone is asking what happened to the new sales target.

Katsuya answered them: *"No problem, that number has been successfully withdrawn."* But he can't say, can't tell them about the deal he made with Mido to make him change his mind.

Everyone started surrounding him, their faces disturbed. However, once they heard the figure was withdrawn, they were all relieved.

"As expected from Mr. Saeki."

Someone said that. As someone who has always been giving troubles to others, he was finally able to receive trust and praise today. In fear of losing this, and even if it's only a little, he doesn't want to give anyone trouble.

Katsuya considered numerous times to fight hard to gain back spirit, only then did he get the courage to come to this room.

"Do you understand the requirements of the content?"

"...Yes...If I listen to your words obediently, you will withdraw the target... right?"

"Humph! You're becoming my toy simply because you cannot reach the required sales target? You really are pathetic!"

Katsuya said nothing. Only clenching his fist till the nails dug into his palms. Biting his lips, he looked back at Mido.

"Why? What's that expression of yours? Talk if you have something to say."

"No..."

It seems that because of too much anger, he was unconsciously staring at Mido impolitely, although his line of sight immediately moved down, he still cannot relax the tension in the face.

"I asked you to remove the unreasonable demand, that's why I accepted this unreasonable demand... ... just like that."

"...Ah... such arrogance."

Mido's eyes looked at Katsuya as if checking things from top to bottom. As if feeling his sight, Katsuya tensed to the point his muscles started to spasm. This seemed to satisfy Mido, who tilted his mouth:

"Since you said that, satisfy me. Take your clothes off."

Clearly, he should have been aware of this. However, this order still made Katsuya hold his breath.

"What now? Didn't you say you will listen to what I say? After all, what good is left of you other than that sharp mouth?"

"Are you serious..?"

"Of course. If I'm not, I would not have located the time for you specifically, or even booked a room like this. Come on! Take them off, all of them."

Katsuya held onto his tie, slowly loosen it and peeking at Mido. He did not stop him nor did he urge, he just kept looking at Katsuya, showing him that every move is decided by Katsuya's own will. Katsuya then took off his jacket, then his pants, then his shirt buttons one by one. Mido watched in silence as Katsuya's nude body slowly appeared behind the disappearing clothes, only his throat ringing happily:

"Would you just look at this, it's totally different from the person who first banged into my office just to get the order. What's with that time? Just a bluff?"

Katsuya did not answer, merely speed up unbuttoning his shirt as if giving up his esteem. That time was because of the glasses, it is the glass that changed him. He never thought that there is a possibility that one day he will say something like that. Those glasses are now placed in the briefcase. If he put it on now, maybe then he can change this pathetic situation a little. He was driven by the desire to do it. But if he really does that, the purpose of him coming here will be of no point at all.

He has to endure, to bear down. As if chanting a mantra, he thought only of these, and took the shirt off. Mido inexorably threatened toward Katsuya who have now only underwear left on his body:

"Didn't I say to take off all? Quickly take it off and kneel down. Use your mouth to serve me."

He said, and Katsuya reflective look up to the man's crotch. The suit that was sticking on his body, and the meat that was beneath it, there was no changes of it when he said these. Did he wanted to him to kneel down here all naked, beneath this elite white-collar worker, and suck his cock with his mouth? The imagination itself is a humiliation that caused his vision goes crimson. Katsuya, with trembling fingers, took off the pants to the ankle. Head down and grinding his teeth, he kneels in front of Mido. All he can see is black leather boots. Although he did everything according to what Mido said till now, Katsuya began to hesitate whether to continue or not.

Mido pulled the desk chair over to sit down. He pulled down the zipper pants, eased himself and spread his legs, his toes lightly played with Katsuya's knees:

"Lick."

Facing with the arrogant tone, Katsuya grabbed mido's from between the gap of the zipper with a defeated feelings. Even if it was not erect, but it's still heavy. This is the first time Katsuya touched a same sex thing. Face timidly placed nearer, lips slightly open, but his body can not act further. His whole body trembled, Katsuya dared not do anything further. What should he do about this? Open his mouth and put it in? Touch it with his tongue, licking...

...This scene he has only seen it on porn, and now to be performed by himself here live? His brain froze in continuity and fell into panic state.

"What are you doing?"

"Woo ... !"

A stern voice was issued from the top of his head, and next second, Mido suddenly hold his head down. This sudden force of collision caused Katsuya's head to go down, and Mido's thing sneak successfully into his half-open lips.

"Nn!" Katsuya made deep throat noises. Because he do not want to touch, so subconsciously his mouth remained wide open. Mido did not reduce his hand strength, but thrust in more. Mouth full of meat inside his throat, Katsuya was almost choking. Forced in with such a deep force, so deep in the mouth that his nose is filled with the taste of men. Feeling very nauseous, Katsuya subconsciously want to push him away.

"Come on! Didn't you say you'll do what I ask? Please me. How to use your tongue? How to stimulate? and Where can you please a man? you're a men too, you should know!"

This erotic saying, caused Katsuya almost bursting to tears. Mido had let go of his head after saying that and his control over his muscles were finally back, but mido's words were harsher than his hands. It turned into a lock and bound him tight. This man is really going to use him as a sex slave. Regardless of whether he hate it or not, in addition to serving this immediate opponent, he have no other choice.

After Mido let go of his head, Katsuya's head floated up naturally. But now he bent down once again, opening his mouth wide and put in Mido's manhood, while being careful not to let his teeth and tongue to touch it.

"Woo ... ah ..."

Mido's laughter can be heard faintly, Katsuya timidly touched it. The hardness hasn't changed a bit since it was last seen., but it was giving his tongue a different strange touch. Katsuya licked from the middle towards the front, feeling miserable. Choked back the tears that were welling about the same time and trying not to think about what he was doing now, but Mido seems to see through the idea of Katsuya, and deliberately say out harsh words:

"What? If you're just going to do that, just how long do you think you can satisfy me? Not just work, even such a thing you can not do? or are you deliberately trying to make me anxious, while extending the enjoyment of your time?"

Who would enjoy this kind of thing?! For a moment, Katsuya impulse was to snap the thing off in his mouth. This situation led to his brain centers froze. If it's not because of the situation he's in, Katsuya will be likely passionate and motivated to do so. Katsuya do not want to think about everything. To feel nothing, to think of nothing, he just want to end this as soon as possible. Katsuya changed his tactics and started nibbling gently, wrapping the manhood and slide it up and down.

"Fuu Nn. Ah "

"... Finally determined to do it good? That's right, all you have to do is obey me. "

It was difficult to breath and move his tongue, his saliva will naturally emit. Sometimes, his eardrums will be vibrated by the sound of his own saliva, it is more to incite Katsuya's sense of shame. His actions started becoming clumsy while attempting not to let the sound become louder, but that not-so-flexible and shy acts only made him more lewd, and it triggered Mido's sadism heart.

"It's pathetic, Saeki Katsuya, are you regretting it now? Right before this, you were speaking so arrogantly to me, and now see what have become of you ... ah ... feel great!"

He could hear the sinister smile behind those words, occasionally, he began to feel himself gasping for breathe. At the same time, the manhood that is gradually increasing in volume in the mouth was about to make Katsuya go dizzy. His manhood that was growing hotter and harder, and was full inside his mouth. He couldn't close his mouth, causing the saliva that was not swallowed down to dripped down from his chin, like a dog. Even if he tried recklessly shaking his head, Mido's hand will eventually placed on Katsuya's head, forcing him to rock his head according to the speed he like, and changed the angle of it inside his mouth to his liking. Within his mouth, his mucosa and soft palate cheeks were slick from front to end creating friction with it, something was beginning to erupt inside his body. His eyes were covered with moist and redness, blessing the common tranquil Katsuya a heavenly beautiful appearance. Mido watched at Katsuya expression, then chuckled. The hand that was originally locking his head滑 down towards his chin, as if trying to trace his own self from the cheek.

"Yeah, make more use of your tongue. Fuu... ... your face is all wet with saliva, truly lewd... this really suits you."

Mido spitted out the hot breath, moving his toes, and stuck his leather shoes into the gap of Katsuya's legs. That forced him to open his legs. Mido gently touched as if searching for something.

"Woah, Now you're excited too? "

"Guu!!"

Mouth stuffed with Mido's manhood, Katsuya let out a sharp grumbling. His balls that were swelling hard to his own manhood was opened by the shoes. Although he tried twisting his waist to run away, it was a futile gesture as he has no freedom over his movement. Mido, using his shoes that has no dirt on it, slowly tracing along the contour that was semi-erected, and laughed:

"You love to be treated like this by a man? I see I shall honestly respond to your needs."

Katsuya was overshadowed with stun when he heard that, immediately spitting out Mido from his mouth and tried to protest. But Mido was faster, using his hand and hold his head back down, the tip was back in his mouth. Katsuya's trembling body due to disgust, was obscenely played by Mido's shoe tips.

"MN!"

The hard shoes bring a stronger stimulation to it, Katsuya stared his eyes round, although it is only a little, he could not believe that he could still feel excited in this inhuman situation. His eyes were beginning to throb with tingling pain due to shame, despair and misery.

"... ... huh ... ah ... "

Katsuya closed his eyes, moving his head back and forth desperately.

Quickly ended this thing right now. Those were the only words that was repeating itself in Katsuya's head, while ignoring the voice of his saliva, he continued pleasuring Mido as if his life depends on it. The manhood that was inside his mouth, was now fully erect.

Katsuya used his tongue to circle around the hardened meat, forcing the expanded tips to the side of his buccal. The tip was throbbing inside and it emitted warm and bitter liquid onto his tongue. He swallowed it each time when he made some voices, but that bitterness, not only his tongue, it has deeply penetrate into his heart.

From the top came Mido's heavy breathing, the hand that was put on his head was suddenly injected with re-newed strength, his elegant long fingers ruffled through Katsuya's hair, grabbed his head forcefully.

"Use that mouth of yours and drink it all... Don't spit it out, swallow them all!"

Katsuya didn't know what he was talking about, but he was aware of the impending stor that was about to burst in his mouth, for a moment he wanted to escape. Mido was faster, and he was forced to stop retreating by his strong hands.

"No -! "

With all his strength, when the manhood was spit out of his mouth, Mido had shot. The sticky liquid contaminated his skin, his face taking most of it. That kind of strong feel and taste was so deep that Katsuya almost fainted.

"I asked you to swallow it all, didn't I? Such a useless guy. "

Mido happily sing, while pressing Katsuya down to the tip of his pennis. Retaining the hardness, he stained Katsuya's face with the still-dripping saliva that was mixed with his seed. Satisfied with the face that was painted with his seeds, he smiled:

"It does suits you. "

Because of this cruel act, it had Katsuya to be at a loss and was easily kicked down to the ground by Mido. He couldn't resist, sitting naked on the floor. Even so, Mido dressed quickly in front of Katsuya whose mind was still blank. Then he calmly stood up, lending a hand to Katsuya who was still sitting on the floor.

"Mr. Mido..."

The only voice that Katsuya issued was a sound that belonged to a broken toy, void of emotion. Mido inserted a finger into Katsuya's mouth, pressuring him to lick clean of all the remaining semen on his finger before he put on his trousers.

"That's all for today. But I will specify a date and time again next time, location will remain the same."

Mido's cruel words carved into Katsuya's mind who was still staring stupidly at him. Have to come back here again? Is this not the end? And yet there he was, trying desperately to satisfy Mido, and that was all he could do.

"How can you..."

This sudden reality left Katsuya trembling on the ground. Mido however smiled happily at seeing the boy who has his eyes staring big and round, his gaze that was gazing at him loses all focus. It was a smile, a smile that gained happiness from the darkness, a smile that destroyed a person's spirit, making one trembled due to fear.